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GERMANY'S "KATZENJAMMER."

UNCLE SAM.—Great Stars and Stripes!—What a "head" that fellow's got! I'd better pull up before I get one myself.



THE WESLEY CHRIS'MAS TREE.

EF I ONLY had my ruthers of the things I 'd rather see,
Seems like I 'd a *leettle* rather see ol' Wesley's Chris'mas tree!
Not no Chris'mas box ner chimbley, ner no Santy Claus'es sleigh,
But a tree brought frum the timber—pine er fir tree—lighted gay
With a lot o' little candles, and with pop-corn trimmin's flung
Fer the snowflakes in the branches, and some little stars 'at 's strung
Way up to the very tree-top, and the ol' red-white-and-blue
Hung there jest beneath the motto, "Peace on Earth," fer me and
you.

All the boughs was fairly bendin' with a load o' precious fruit.
Congregation all was present, and some other ones to boot—
All the hired men frum Kinsley's and the teacher of the school;
The pore fam'ly frum the cabin and Mose Smith, the country fool;
Folks new-rich frum Shawnee Prairy, ol' Mis' Smith, who 's on the
town;

And then, lastly, but not leastly, was our good old preacher, Brown.
Could I see them old-time faces, could I hear each old-time voice,
W'y! My soul would stand on tiptoes and jest nacher'ly rejoice!

Oh! The choir there, bass and treble, sang so deep and clear and
high

That their "Glory in the Highest" must a-reached clean to the sky!
Then there was a holy silence while our good old preacher prayed
Fer the earth and all its fullness which the Lord in mercy made.
Next, Joe Banks, the sup'intendent, 'lowed "the programme would
begin,"

And the way that tree was ravished was a sorrow and a sin!
But each time they plucked the branches was an anxious heart made
glad,
'Til I could n't help feel sorry that *one* tree was all we had!

There was dolls fer girls 'at 's little; there was trumpets fer the boys,
And some cracker-things and whistles fer 'em all to make a noise.
Davy Hanks had a new baby and he got a rattle-box;
And pore Moses Smith was happy with a bran'-new pair o' socks;
And ol' Missus Smith, his mother, got the nicest woolen shawl;
And Si Larkins—great on huntin'—w'y, he got a "turkey call!"
Then they give to Randy's feller a big, wooden jumpin'-jack,
And a ham and side o' bacon to the fam'ly in the shack.

Billy Williams got a mitten and the whole crowd had to laugh;
And our Lyddy got a album which they calls a "auty-graph;"
But the thing 't was most amusin' was, Joe Briggs fetched Laury Fair
Half-a-dozen miles to give her—jest a little candy *pear*!
While the *good* thing of the 'ev'nin' was a-watchin' Brother Brown
When he got that suit of broadcloth, best one we could buy in town!
And his words o' benediction was as lovin' as could be—
Land alive! My eyes is weak'nin'!—at that Wesley Chris'mas tree!

Chris'mas tree at last was over, but we lingered in the aisles,
Lookin' at each other's presents, ev'ry face a-wearin' smiles,
'Til the sexton turned the lights out and, of course, we had to go.
Fam'lies piled into the bob-sleds, each girl ridin' with her beau;
Horses prancin', snow a-squeakin', jinglin' bells and tootin' horn—
When we got home,—'clare to gracious!—half-past twelve, and
Chris'mas *morn*!

And I say, ef I 'd my *ruthers*, it is mighty plain 't would be
That same music, crowd and frolic—that same Wesley Chris'mas
tree!

Ellsworth Kelley.

CONSOLATION.

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed the
Protected Monopolist, who was being
held up.

"It is," assented the highwayman,
who knew his victim; "but don't worry.
The money is going to stay in the country!"

THE MOST bitter arguments are those in which
neither person has any definite information
in regard to the subject.



DIPLOMACY.

LADY—My husband won't wear those shirts I bought him for Christmas.
I did n't think he would;—and now I 'd like to exchange them.

CLERK.—For what, Madam?

LADY.—Well, you might let me look at some lace handkerchiefs and some
silver hat-pins!

PUCK



ONE OF MANY.

"Don't this kind of weather suit you?"

"No. I never liked Winter except in Summer!"

KNOWLEDGE.

Once upon a time there lived a man who had no thirst for knowledge.

When his friends met him and asked:

"Do you want to know what will knock that cold?"

The man replied:

"Oh, no!"

Of course, this speedily lost him all his friends, and his state at last was pitiful, indeed.

JUST SO.

LITTLE ZIMRI.—Paw, what is a country seat?

FARMER BUCKOVER.—It's where a rich city man has gone 'way back and sat down.

NOT ADEQUATE TO THE OCCASION.

"Yes; the automobile nearly ran over me. You see, the—what do you call him?—the chauffeur—"

"Well, that is n't what I'd call him if he nearly ran over me."

UNDER THE RED CROSS.

"How did the foot-ball game come out?"

"Four ambulance runs to nine cases of first aid to the injured."



DID N'T AMOUNT TO MUCH.

WILLIS.—And who is that fellow Henpeck? Does he amount to anything?

WALLACE.—Oh! He is n't anybody. He's nothing but his wife's second husband!

FUTURE AND PRESENT.

HE.—What was the result of your visit to the palmist?
SHE.—I've got a fortune coming to me some day, and I'm five dollars out now.

DIFFERENT METHODS.

"Whatever became of Lamb?"

"Oh! He played the markets and went broke."

"And Wolff—what became of him?"

"Oh! He worked the markets and got rich."

BIRDS.

Of daughters this man has a bevy,
And the annual tribute they levy
Appalling is, quite!
Birds! Their heads being light,
And their bills correspondingly heavy.

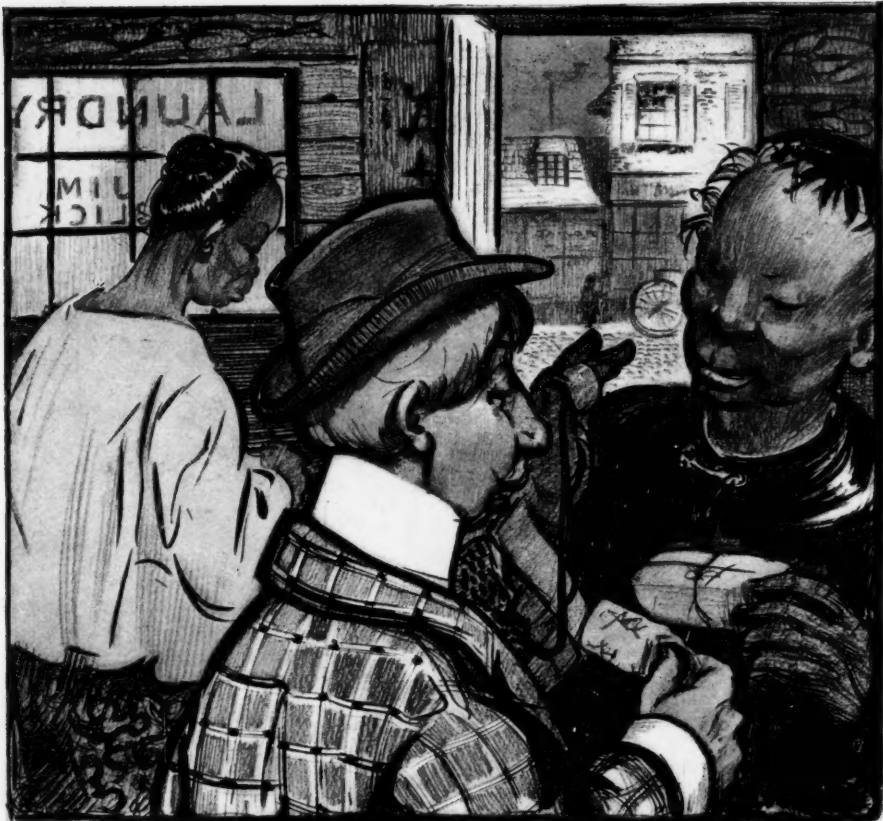


SKYED.

THE HIPPO.—Did they hang your picture well at the Exposition?

THE GNU (*dejectedly*).—I should think not;—the Giraffe was the only one who could see it!

EACH SUCCEEDING year finds the uneducated million less surprised to hear that diamonds and coal are the same substance.



THE LEAST OF HIS TROUBLES.

"I don't see how you can understand these hieroglyphics, bah Jove!"
 "Oh! Can unstan' dead-easy! If allee laundlee blizness so easy would be leadee-pipee-cinchee!"

HUMAN SYMPATHY.



OFTEN THINK, at least it just occurred to me, that there would be more sympathy among the various classes of people if each class would occasionally consider what the other classes are doing, would vividly picture them in their occupations, and feel with them the rigors of their work and the ardors of their ambitions.

Let us picture to ourselves the hardy farmer. Let us "represent him in thought," as Herbert Spencer says in his side-splitting psychology. As we think of him we feel by sympathy a desire to pull our whiskers and tuck our trousers in our boots. What is the farmer doing now? He is cutting corn and getting the dried tassels down his neck. But what is he doing by way of amusement? He is eating pumpkin pie.

And the farmer's boy? He is cutting corn, too—cutting it out, and going hickory-nutting and throwing stones at chipmunks, and playing warrior in the woods and rushing like Alaric through the dry leaves, and thinking how happy he will be when he is a man. One time and long ago there was a farmer's boy who was so indolent that his father feared for him. One early morn when the sun had hardly got over the fence into the new-plowed field the farmer and his son were planting corn. The father's heart was full of joy for the boy was working with zest and his bright hoe was flashing in the air.

"Father," said the boy, working manfully, "do you suppose if you and me lick right into it we kin finish her by noon?"

"Why, yes," said the delighted man, encouragingly; "yes, sir, I believe we could."

"Then," replied the faithful boy, "you kin finish her alone by night, and I'll go fishing."

And now let us represent in thought the farmer's wife. When you think of her does not your back begin to ache? Of course it does, and you have a blue-checked apron on. What is she doing? She is making the pumpkin pies and setting them forth to

the farmer and to the wandering boy whose orbit intersects the family's three times a day, at meals.

But what is the hired man doing? Now we must enter the region of the negative, but what a busy and expensive region it is! The hired man is doing nothing, but in how many ways. Enter into his life. What do you think of it? Examine the texture of that lassitude. He knows every flat-top-rail in the four miles of fence about the farm, and he cuts corn across the lot from port to port. How joyous is all life! To be a farmer, and love to work. To be a hired man, and love not to.

Would it not be right and proper to sympathize with the farmer's daughter? She can holler so loud that the farmer hears her in the cornfield and the boy in the woods, for her voice is like a two-edged sword. But on Sunday, when Mr. Lant Sears comes to take her to ride in his top-buggy, she can not holler at all. If she then spoke of that method of long-distance communication, she would call it "hollowing." That is a very sad thing about the farm people. They think that to be right everything must be different from the way they have it. And so, on Sundays and in company, they say "hollow" and "pumpkin" and "apron," and tell about Dame Partlet "sitting" on her aigs. (They forget and say aigs.) And what with the language they are cinched up in and the clothes they are cinched up in and the manners they are cinched up in, they do not draw a natural breath till Monday morning. In



AS TO A FRIEND.

THE FIANCÉE.—Does she like skating?

THE FIANCÉE.—Oh, yes! She likes anything that may possibly result in matrimony!

PUCK

AN UNSUCCESSFUL HOLD-UP.



FIRST BEAR.—Say, fellows, there is n't a fowl to be had in the village. I guess we'll have a skinny Christmas!

SECOND BEAR.—Oh! I don't know! What's the matter with waylaying Kriss and capturing his deer?



FIRST BEAR.—That's a first-class idea, but we'll have to hurry;—he'll be coming along shortly.



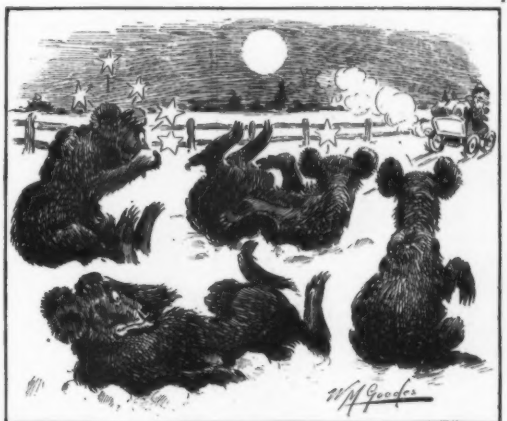
"Now, boys, watch yourselves, and when I say three each one pounce out and grab a deer. Here he comes! One—two—

fact they suppose that a natural breath is not the thing at all and when they are perked up for fine company they do not breathe lower than their collar bone. That is the difficulty with the farmer folk: they faithfully believe that everything must be different from the way they have it. Unfortunately there is a worse difficulty with the city people. They faithfully believe that everything the way they have it is just right. Two sadder sights than the ruralite on Sunday and the urbite every day in the week I do not know.

The urbite fairly dotes on his language. He says "i-ther" and "ni-ther," and "evil" and "dev-il." He has six fine words which he places about here and there in his discourse, like colored stones in a dirt pie. He imagines that when he is not by, his friends say one unto another: "What beautiful language he uses!" The urbite is well content over his cell-like parlor with its rare rugs and rare pictures. How joyous he is over his rich dining-room with the round table of mahogany! When he thinks upon his choice books and his well-selected wines he has to take an anodyne to quiet his palpitating nerves. He has not a room in his house suitable for the residence of anything more alive than the china statuettes on his mantels, and when he gets out of doors, and would simulate life and organic existence, his supreme device is to run an automobile and ring a bell. And what is that compared to rushing through the leaves like Alaric?



"—three!!!



"Gee, Whizz! We forgot that this was a twentieth century Kriss!"



WHAT HE WAS THERE FOR.

"I'm afraid your employers do not insist on your being a Chesterfield."

"Nope! They just pay me for taking people up and down!"

THE RESULT.

FRIEND.—Did you break your uncle's will?

DOOLEY.—Yes. Proved that the old man made a million without knowing how to manage his affairs, because his mind was overshadowed by an approaching mania for leaving his money to charitable institutions.

FORTUNATE.

"Gee!" said the microbe. "It's a good thing for us these patent medicines don't do all they claim to do!"

PUCK

THE SKATER.

HER HANDS are snug within her muff,
Which shelters them securely; —
So large a muff has room enough
For shielding three hands, surely!
Her cheeks are red from many a kiss
The frost has slyly taken —
A warmer kiss, right well I wis,
Anon will someone waken.

Her eyes with joy are shining bright,
A world to Summer turning;
And sparkle bright the crystals light
Her nimble feet are spurning.
Steel-shod, as swift as any bird —
And swift we follow after.
No trill of bird you ever heard
Is sweeter than her laughter.

She cuts and scores the faithful ice
With figures deft and daring;
While, like the ice, in deep device
My heart her name is bearing.
But of the figures there is one
Which, swain to woman-hater,
Is found the one surpassed by none: —
The figure of the skater!

Edwin L. Sabin.



A RAY OF HOPE.

THE RABBIT.—My! If this makes him half
as nervous as it makes me he won't be able to hit
the side of a barn!

OLD WAYS.

Once upon a time a youth journeyed from the
country up to New York, to seek his fortune.

He was mindful of his anecdotal side, wishing
to develop this symmetrically as he went along; and,
accordingly, instead of landing with a dollar in his
pocket, as the custom then was, he landed with a
dollar in his boot.

Thus it happened, when the golden opportunity
came the youth could not get at his dollar until after
the bottom had fallen out of the market, and he was
not made rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

So he became thoroughly disheartened and
went into literature.

This fable teaches that the old ways are often
best.

AFTER THE MEETING.

"The speaker seemed to think
that the sale of liquor can be
stopped."

"But that's nonsense. You
might as well try to stop the
Prohibitionists from thinking
it can."

IN NEW ENGLAND.

HIS WIFE.—Well, you brought
that attack of dyspepsia on yourself.

THE FARMER.—I know I did,
Maria. If I had all that punkin
pie to eat over again—well, by
gum! I s'pose I'd eat it!

A POSSIBLE REFLECTION.

MAMA.—Well, Mrs. Brown
may not have meant anything,
but I don't just like the way she
referred to Baby.

PAPA.—What did she say?

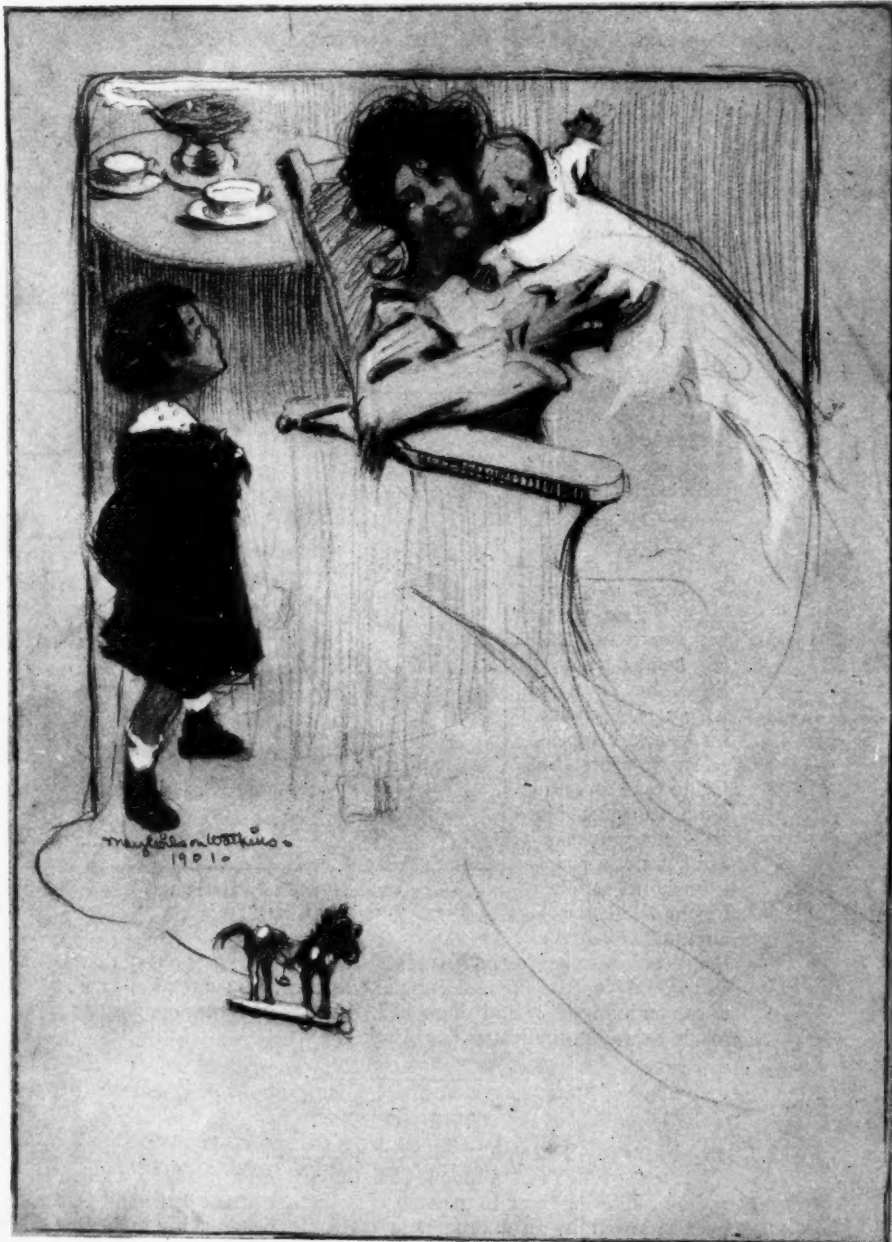
MAMA.—Why, she asked me how the "little
one" was!

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

BILLINGS.—Is n't a dollar rather high for a
sprig of mistletoe?

FLORIST.—Can't tell you that, sir! It depends
on who's going to be under it.

SOMEHOW, the Voice of the People does n't always
sound like what it is said to be.



THE PROPER CAPER.

MOTHER.—Yes, Rupert, the baby is a Christmas present from the angels.

RUPERT (aged four).—Well, Mama, if we lay him away carefully and don't
use him we can give him to somebody else next Christmas

PUCK



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUBLICITY FOR TRUSTS.

EVEN WHILE we gazed in sympathy at Germany's speculation katzenjammer, seeking also to draw a moral from the spectacle, the sun of our own "morning after" was peeping above the horizon. Copper stock seems to have been the favorite native tippie, and reports from the outlying district show the spree to have been a general and very costly one. The sellers of the drink, as usual, have reaped the profit, while those who clamored for the heady stuff have little left but the sensations of ache and regret. If the latter can be converted into wisdom for the future the debauch in Amalgamated will not have been without value. The way in which the stock has been manipulated indicates once more the need for legislation to lay bare the inner workings of the so-called Trusts. As long as they enjoy the special privilege of secrecy for their stock-books the way in which they are able to take away money from confiding outsiders will remain too scandalously like robbing helpless infants of their rattles and teething rings.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

WESTWARD the star of Initiative takes it rise. They start things in the West. In St. Louis Tradition lies prostrate, scarred by the hob-nails of Novelty; and the Processes of Nature incur savage maltreatment the moment they venture over the remotest boundary of Chicago. From the former city we hail news that the Henpecked Husbands' Association has been incorporated, its membership including "some of the best known residents." Its avowed object is to promote the forgetfulness of sorrow. Not only are the wives of members barred from its meetings, but any member inadvertently praising his wife at a meeting is to be punished by fine; or, in flagrant cases, by expulsion. From Chicago on the same day comes word of the Four Hours' Sleep club. Its members hold that sleep in excess of

this period is a vicious habit and "nothing short of sinful in this day of hurry and progress;" that it is "as harmful as the use of tobacco, intoxicants or drugs." The St. Louis organization will doubtless excite scorn in Boston; and Philadelphia will be aghast at the Chicago idea. Doubtless, too, there are New York husbands who would rather remain henpecked without mitigation than reside in St. Louis; and there are New York business men, probably, who would be delighted if they could sleep all the time they are obliged to stay in Chicago. Yet we should all be broad enough to sense the value of this Western genius for the Untried. Some of the new ideas of course are bound to be not worth raising; but they're all worth looking over at birth.

A SECTIONAL DIFFERENCE.

THIS is a big enough country to allow striking diversities in social custom. An example is afforded by the regrettable conduct of a Brooklyn youth who has lately revealed his inability to climb those Alpine heights where blows the wind-flower of Southern chivalry. Excuses, to be sure, are offered for him. It is claimed that he had not been bred to the Southerners' joyous, off-hand way of doing things with fire-arms to one another on moonless nights or from the shade of friendly hedges. While certain of his surviving neighbors in Virginia will contend that he showed himself to be an utterly impossible person his friends plead that he fell below the best Southern standards only by reason of this ignorance, an ignorance as pardonable as it was inevitable. Having lived in a section of the country where the honor of women is preserved, as a rule, without the aid of masks, he was, they allege, justified in mistaking the intentions of the masked gentlemen who broke into his house at night, armed with revolvers, hempen rope, a blacksnake whip, turpentine, kerosene, a bunch of oil-soaked rags and the other impedimenta of difficulties between gentlemen in that section. Especially was he justifiable, they insist, because his conduct had been irreproachable and because he was not bright enough to divine instantly that his visitors had fabricated certain charges against him merely as an excuse for testifying their general dislike of him. They did not intend to kill him. Not really kill him. The leader of the party survived long enough to give up his mask and revolver and declare this on the honor of a Southern gentleman. "Crushing a window sash and climbing into the room before a shot was fired," he says, "I advanced upon Marx, intending to overcome him without the use of my pistol." Unfortunately, Mr. Marx, who is rather an invalid, revealed a nervous aversion to being overcome, even by a masked and armed person whose attentions were honestly meant not to be fatal. Losing his self-control, he began to aggravate the affair by shooting, with messy results that have been duly chronicled in the daily press. Social censors in that immediate locality will perhaps move with more caution hereafter, where the object of their discipline is a nervous Northerner who has yet to learn that masks and mobs are the sacred adjuncts of chivalry in the South.

THE WINTER SENTINEL.



DE BLIZZARD howl aroun' de do',
De snow am driftin' higheh;
Ah stamp mah feet aroun' de flo'
En hug de chimly fiah.
En den Ah think about ol' crow
En guess he dun retiah;
But fin' him in det sycamo'
Det rise up lak a spiah.

Oh! De snow bank am high en de noff win' am raw,
But de ol' crow blink en say:

"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

De mockeh he sail fah away
En fin' a Dixie Summeh;
No mo' yo' heah de sassy jay
Or meet de tiny hummeh.
Sumwhaih in Dixie woods to-day
Yo'd fin' det gol'-wing drummeh,
But Misteh Crow he freeze en stay
En nebbeh think ob Summeh.

Oh! His brac feet am col', deh's nuffin' in his craw,
But de ol' crow blink en say:

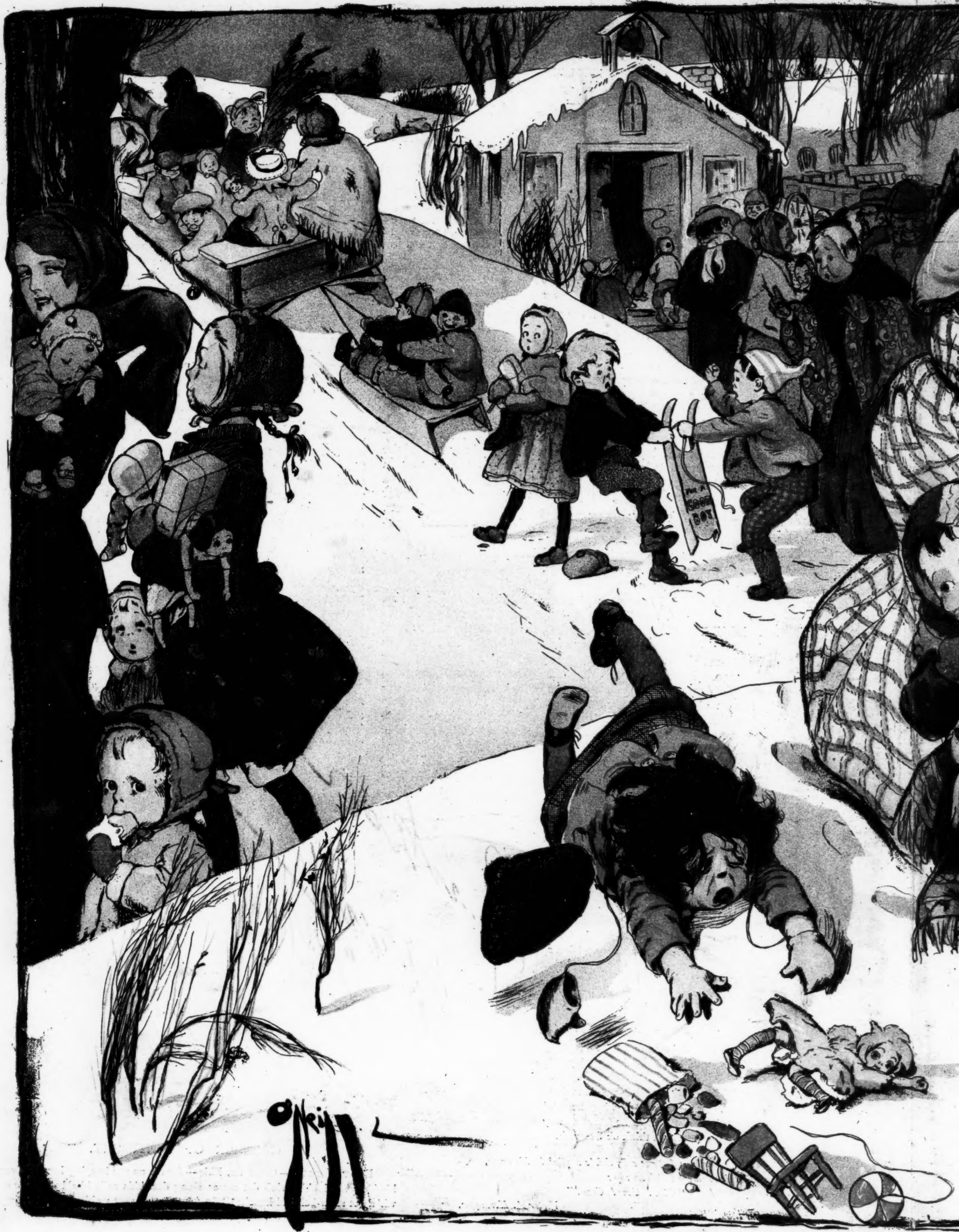
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Victor A. Hermann.



A CRUSHER OF SENTIMENT.

FIRST BEGGAR.—Come on, Bill;—dere's no use begging here! Every kind-hearted looking slob dat comes along dem kids nails him back o' de ear wit' a wet snow-ball and knocks all de philanthropy out uv him! Come along!



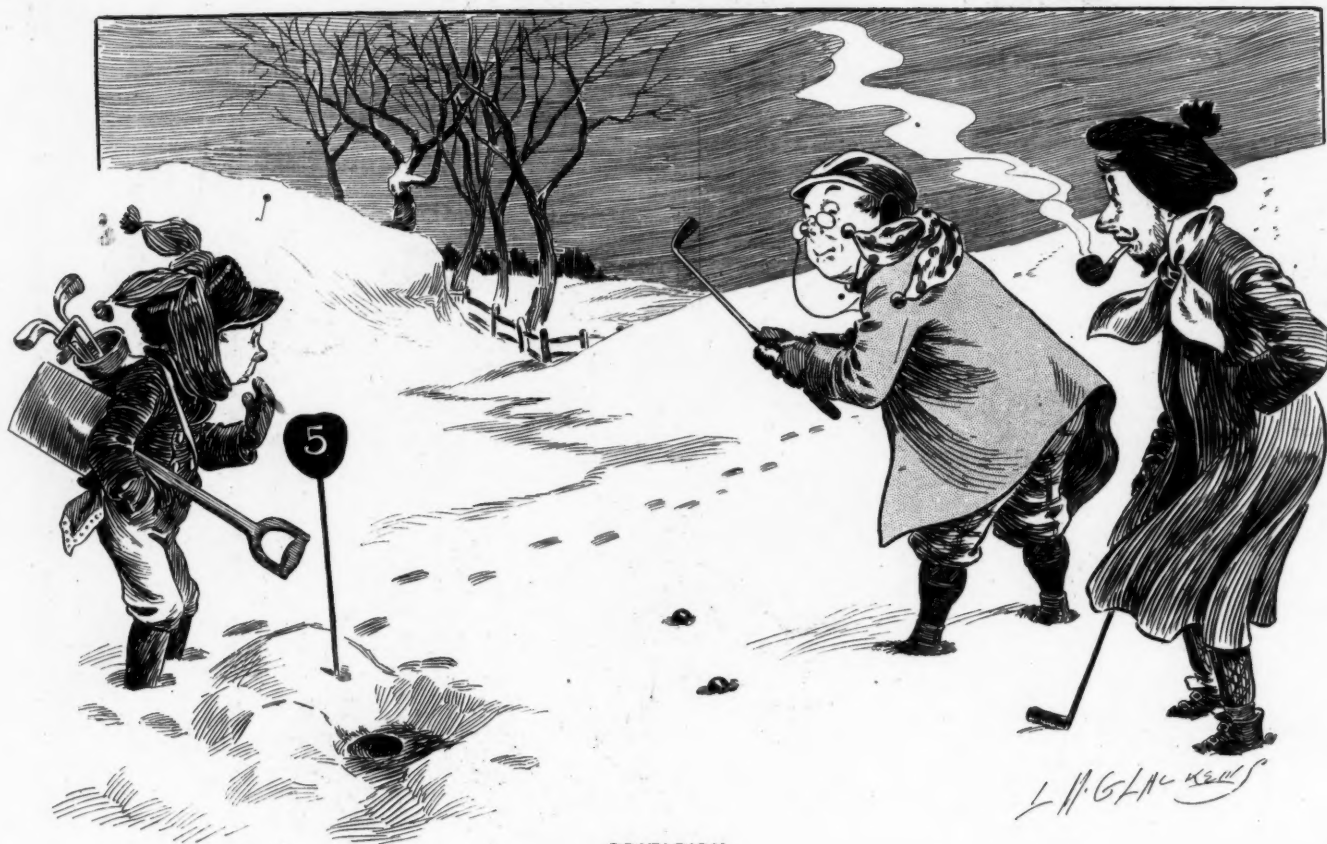
CHRISTMAS MORNING AT H



ING AT HICKORY CROSS-ROADS.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK



CRITICISM.

"Brassey would n't come out to-day because he's afraid of rheumatism."
 "Bah! A man should n't let rheumatism interfere with golf!"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR—VERBATIM.

NO WOMAN ever forgets a propo—(Nonsense, Maria! Mrs. Perkins was never as good-looking as you).
 If you want to please a woman, tell her—(That's all right; but you know you came near marrying Tom Jenkins—he drinks like a fish, too!)
 Flattery is to a girl what—(By George! Those twins are getting scrappier every day!)
 The bashful man usually has—(Nine children, did you say, Maria? Great Scott! Our six keep us hustling!)
 There is a soft spot in every man's—(She thinks President Roosevelt must have been something like her boy? Ho! Ho!)
 Marriage is a lottery in which—(Just one moment, Maria! You know I've got to get these reflections off to-night).

Wm. E. McKenna.

GOOD FOR BURNS.

TOURIST (after his first drink of *Bloody Gulch* whiskey).—Thunder and lightning! Gimme a chaser, quick!
BARTENDER (disdainfully).—Wot d'yer want—water?
TOURIST.—No;—linseed oil!

THE WAY OF IT.

BRITON.—You Americans have no picturesque old armor hanging in your ancestral halls?
AMERICAN.—Oh, no! Our pioneer-forefathers, you remember, fought and conquered the British and the Indians without armor.

IT is unfortunate that Duty sometimes calls when we have so many other calls.

NOTHING LACKING.

SIDNEY.—Is it a good match?
RODNEY.—Oh, yes! She's pretty and stupid; and he's stupid and rich.

WE are always a good deal more irritable at times when we know it is perfectly safe to be so.

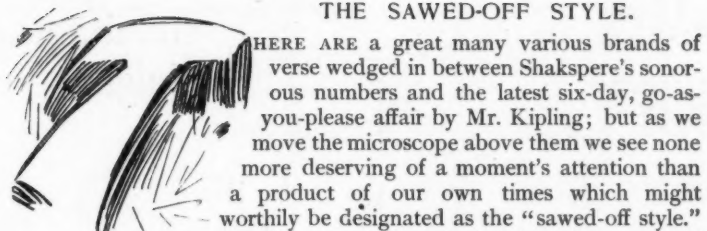


THE PENALTY OF DOUBT.

"Brother Tom says there ain't any Santa Claus."
 "And what do you think?"
 "Well, I'm afraid if I don't believe in him he won't bring me anything!"

PUCK

THE SAWED-OFF STYLE.



HERE ARE a great many various brands of verse wedged in between Shakspeare's sonorous numbers and the latest six-day, go-as-you-please affair by Mr. Kipling; but as we move the microscope above them we see none more deserving of a moment's attention than a product of our own times which might worthily be designated as the "sawed-off style."

The sawed-off style had its origin and still has its being in the columns of the daily newspaper, and as example may serve better than description, we submit a sample culled from a current issue of a metropolitan sheet.

"The clamor of the crowd
He suffered not to sway
Him from the course his reason told
Him was the honest way."

This, read in its entirety, has a lilting, pleasing swing enough, and it is only by separating the stanza into its component parts that the startling possibilities of the sawed-off style become plainly apparent. Take for instance the last line:

"Him was the honest way."

Would not that dog's-ear your copy of Lindley Murray? However, this is neither here nor there. We come not to carp at Caesar, but to copy him. The fact is, we did n't know how easy it is to write verse. We had a dim idea that the lines needed to be juggled, and smoothed over, and whipped into an infinite number of shapes before becoming ready to leave the factory as approved verse. The sawed-off style greatly simplifies all this. All you have to do is to place your linguistic log upon the



HOW IT LOOKED.

FIRST NOVICE.—The game seems deucedly shy!

SECOND NOVICE.—Yes; somebody must have been shooting at it besides us!



CAUSE ENOUGH.

SHE.—People say they quarrel continually, but I don't know why.

HE.—Why, they're married, aren't they?

carriage and gather up the severed lengths at the other end of the sawmill.

Let us take, for example, a sentence clipped at random from the police reports of a daily paper, an apparently most unpromising source of poetical inspiration. Take the sentence, "The judge remarked that he hoped the prisoner would mend his ways and immediately sentenced him to thirty days in the workhouse." It would seem difficult to convert this specimen into verse, but see how easy it is after we place it upon the literary saw-buck.

The judge remarked that he
Hoped the prisoner would mend his ways,
And immediately sentenced
Him to thirty days.

"In the workhouse" may be either thrown away or used to start off the next verse, as may be preferred.

This, however, may not be strictly a fair test, as in "ways" and "days" we have too obvious and perfect a rhyme. We will try something else. Take this item—"Two lifelong Hoboken neighbors yesterday had a row as the result of a question of the ownership of an ash-barrel." Saw this up and what do we get?

Two lifelong Hoboken neighbors
Yesterday had a row,
As the result of a question of
The ownership of an ash-barrel.

Stumped, are we? Not a bit of it! What is a row? A quarrel, is it not! And by simply prefixing the expressive, if somewhat irregular adjective "brash," we have—

Two lifelong Hoboken neighbors
Yesterday had a brash quarrel,
As the result of a question of
The ownership of an ash-barrel!

There you have it! We are told that nothing may be gained in this world without effort, with the possible exceptions of enemies and diseases and a few other things not worth having, anyhow; but by using the sawed-off system we maintain that verse may be produced with effort of such minute proportions as to be unobservable to the unclad eye. If you don't believe this, get an old Patent Office Report and saw it up for yourself.

W. S. Adkins.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 23d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

THE automobile bull-fight will not be a success until they are able to produce the cowless bull.—*Washington Post*.

YOU CAN'T CUT YOURSELF IF YOU TRY

Griffon

SAFETY-RAZOR

700,000 in Use. BEST MADE



PRICE, in Metal Box \$1.50. In Morocco Case, 2 Blades, \$3.00. In Leather Case, 4 Blades, \$4.00.

Made with Safety Shoulders which prevent blade from passing beyond safety point. Shaves close as may be desired. No smarting after shaving. Booklet upon request.

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ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER cures corns. To prove it I will mail free plaster to any one. Send name and address—no money.

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Rae's Lucca Olive Oil

appreciated by connoisseurs for its

Delicate Flavor

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives only

S. RAE & CO. Estab. 1836 LEGHORN, ITALY

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

"Gingham," added the missionary, "is as cheap as dirt!" "But is it as cool?" objected the savage young person, for she still hesitated.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"DeGraft is one of the most remarkably successful financiers this city has produced in a decade."

"I thought he was broke."

"Broke? Why, that man can write his debts in six figures!"

—*Indianapolis News*.

It is believed that the Lord did n't make Yankees at the beginning for fear they would annoy him with their suggestions.—*Washington Post*.



A HINT.

"Really, I'd be happy if I were thin!"

"Well, my dear, the pursuit of happiness sometimes means a lot of exercise!"

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has a delightful aroma. It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

AN IRREGULAR PROCEDURE.

"We dunno whut to do about that man," said Bronco Bob. "I should n't be surprised if the boys 'ud run him out o' town."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, we've kind of got a suspicion that he does n't mind the rules of civilized warfare. He had a quarrel with Three-finger Sam, who is the quickest shot in Crimson Gulch; but while Sam was gittin' the drop on him this feller hit him over the head with a fence rail."—*Washington Star*.

You did n't have time to-day, but you will find time to-morrow, to do that which will make you famous. This is hope.—*Atchison Globe*.

Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using. Cure

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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Hunter Baltimore Rye

Ripe Rich Mellow



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine." —*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Old Overholt

Bottled in bond—under government inspection.

Absolutely pure.

A. Overholt & Co.

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Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS

HOW MUCH BETTER GUNTHER'S CANDIES

are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:

1 lb. box finest selected \$1.50 3 lb. box finest selected \$3.50

C. F. GUNTHER, 315, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

EACH FOR HIMSELF.

We all desire "the greatest good To the greatest number" done, But the greatest number is understood To be always "Number One."

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

CHURCH.—Did you buy one of those extras?

GOTHAM.—Yes.

CHURCH.—Anything in it?

GOTHAM.—No; nothing extra.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"THAT young fellow who just went out," said the shopkeeper, "will be a Napoleon of finance some of these days. He has the characteristics."

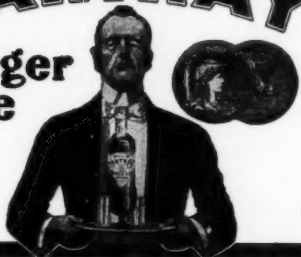
"What makes you think so?" asked the customer.

"He just bought a pocket-book on credit."—*Indianapolis News.*

SOMEHOW, we always want to steer clear of the people who claim that they never enjoy themselves except when they are trying to make others happy.—*Atchison Globe.*

VARTRAY

Ginger Ale



Superior in every way to the Imported Article.

In its absolute purity, aroma and flavor it stands unequalled.

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The highest honors ever paid to any American Beverage....

At all Clubs, Hotels, Cafés and by all Leading Purveyors.

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THE CLUB=COCKTAILS

No Friend Like An Old Friend.



In these days of a multiplicity of brands, it is refreshing to turn to an old friend like the "Club Cocktails," and know that here is one which does not have to be taken on faith. Years of experience have made "Club Cocktails" the perfect blend of liquors that they are, and years of use have made them household words all over the country. Ask at any hotel, club-house, cafe or fancy grocer, which is the best, and the answer every time will be the "Club Cocktails." The secret of their well-deserved popularity is that they are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, from the best quality of liquors, and kept six months before being bottled, thus ensuring a perfect drink.

The "Club Cocktails" are made in seven varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, and Whiskey, all of the same uniform high grade, and all worthy of a place in the cellar of every connoisseur in the land.

The only brand of Cocktails listed by the best houses in this country. Also served on the buffet and dining cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

20 Piccadilly, London.

CHURCH.—I see a Boston man is going to swim from that city to New York.

GOTHAM.—So I see; but I don't remember ever having heard of a New York man who was anxious enough to get to Boston to be willing to swim there.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE Chicago servant girls' union is to start a newspaper. It ought to be able to print a warm society column.—*Washington Post.*

HE.—Will you sit out this dance?

SHE.—No; I can't stand sitting down during a dance.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

HIS ADMISSION.

"I hear that you are engaged, Goldthorp," said Sterlingworth. "Is it time for congratulations?"

"Well, I won't acknowledge that," replied the happy young man; "but I'm about to confer upon a certain young lady the right to select my neckties for me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COACH a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not play off-side.—*Wrinkle.*

SOME men are so low that they are a nuisance even in jail.—*Atchison Globe.*

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

GIVES COMFORT

The only suspender that gives absolute comfort under all conditions.



No strain on wearer's shoulders or on the buttons. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings will not rust. Look for President on the buckles of the genuine. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. You can get them at most dealers for 50 cts., or we will send them by mail, postpaid, to any address in the U. S. State what kind you prefer—light or dark; wide or narrow.
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MFG. CO.
Box 215, Shirley, Mass.

Pears'

soap does nothing but cleanse, it has no medical properties; for the color of health and health itself use Pears'. Give it time.

Sold all over the world.



PUCK for 1902

Will Contain

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Striking Cartoons on Topics of Social and Political Interest by KEPPLER and PUGHE.

Piquant Sketches by "O'NEILL."

Character Studies by F. A. NANKIVELL, Creator of "The Nankivell Girl."

"Society" Illustrations by S. D. EHRHART.

Pictures of "Ye Olden Time," by L. M. GLACKENS.

"Country" and "Slum" Scenes by W. H. GALLAWAY.

BAKER-BAKER'S funny side of Animal-life.

Miscellaneous Illustrations by other members of the largest staff of artists employed by any comic paper.

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New Subscribers for 1902 will also receive the CHRISTMAS PUCK for 1901. Two Christmas Numbers and the entire year of 1902 at the Regular Subscription Price of \$5.00 per year.

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Contentment
Health and Long Life
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Gleams and Glistens in
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Operates automati-
cally, pours easily (see
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bulge the pocket. To-
bacco cannot spill; simple and convenient.
Every pipe or cigarette smoker should have
one. Pipe or paper in one hand—pouch in
other. Made in tan calf or black kangaroo 50c
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ence, Bradstreet Mer. Agency.

SELF-CLOSING POUCH CO.

Room 1206A, Fullerton Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THERE are too many who feel they
would be safe if they could only make
sure of dying on a Sunday.—*Ram's
Horn.*

If a boy is perfectly healthy and
normal, a quart of raisins which he is
given to stone will dwindle to a half-
pint before he is through.—*Atchison
Globe.*

Pile and Fistula Cure.

Sample treatment Red Cross Pile and Fistula
Cure and book on piles free to any address.
Rea Co., Dept. 26, Minneapolis, Minn.



NESTOR CIGARETTES

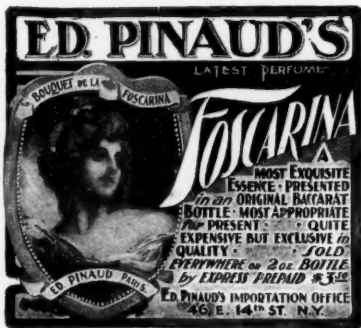
CAUSE FOR JOY.

CASSIDY.—Fur a defeated candidate
ye 're lookin' unusually happy, 'I 'm
thinkin'.

COMMAISY.—Faith, it makes me
happy to think I won't have to bother
about anny of the rash promises I made
before election.—*Catholic Standard
and Times.*

"THE doctor seems to be very suc-
cessful in his practice."

"Yes. He told me the other day
that he had not lost a bill in six
months."—*Indianapolis News.*



A CALL-DOWN.

THE GIRAFFE.—If it please Your Highness—
THE KING OF BEASTS.—Away from my presence, low fellow!

Fortify yourself against sickness by keeping the
stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original
Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.



THOSE widows who have been set-
ting their caps for Sir Tom Lipton will
be perceptibly jarred by his announce-
ment that he will not think of getting
married until he lifts that cup.—
Washington Post.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured with-
out inconvenience or detention from
business. Write **THE DR. J. L.
STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.**

"A land flowing with milk and honey."

CALIFORNIA IS THE MECCA.

Seekers after rest and recreation in a bracing
climate, amid enchanting scenery, surrounded by
fruits and flowers, are going to California this
winter in greater numbers than ever before.

The way to go is by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

The new trains of this system give a fine service,
fast time, and afford every convenience and luxury.
Inquire of ticket agents regarding the new facilities.

Four-Track Series No. 5, "America's Winter Resorts," sent free,
postpaid, on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General
Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.
Don't fail to get a copy of the "Four-Track News" for January, 1902.
New form, fine paper, beautifully illustrated. Sent free, postpaid,
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Note label.

Even If Your Income

is limited, there's economy
in buying Keiser-Barathea
Cravats. Note label.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will Issue Clerical Orders for 1902.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company an-
nounces that clerical orders will be issued for
the year 1902 to ordained clergymen having
regular charge of churches located on or near
the line of its road.

Application blanks may be obtained of
ticket agents, and same should reach the
General Office by December 21, so that
orders may be mailed December 31 to clergy-
men entitled to receive them. Orders will
be issued only on individual application of
clergymen when made on blanks furnished
by the Company and certified to by one of
its agents.



HIS OPINION.

FRIEND.—There's lots of folks yet that hang up old horseshoes for luck.
BLACKSMITH.—Well, I think there's more luck in makin' new ones.



Bicycle Playing Cards.

Their playing qualities most satisfactory; outwear other 25c. cards. Sold by dealers. Highest Award, Buffalo, 1901; Chicago, 1893; Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.

A 120-page Hoyle sent for six flap ends of Bicycle boxes or five 2c. stamps.

Whist Lessons, Free. Write for particulars.

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EVERY day develops its trials and something new in girls' first names.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE CHARLESTON EXPOSITION.

Reduced Rates via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

During the continuance of the South Carolina Inter-State and West-Indian Exposition, to be held at Charleston, S. C., from December 1 to June 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Charleston and return from all points on its line at reduced rates. These tickets will be sold daily from November 30 to May 31, and will be of two descriptions: Season tickets, bearing a final limit of June 3, 1902, and eleven-day tickets, good to return within eleven days, including date of sale, but not good after June 3, 1902. These tickets will not be good to stop off en route. For rates and further particulars apply to Ticket Agents.

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

They say, from rising of the sun
Until they light the lamps,
A woman's work is never done—
But neither is a tramp's.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

INTENDING hunters can now go out to the Game Show and study the difference between a man and a moose.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE Supreme Court is evidently determined to cut off the tail of the imperial dog an inch at a time.
—*Washington Post*.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Men's Furnishings.

Gloves

Courvoisier, Fowles, Dent Gloves.

Fur Lined Gloves.

Automobile Gauntlets.

Coachman's Fur Capes, Collars and Gloves.

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GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

Is n't it too bad that dissipation does n't prolong life?—*Atchison Globe*.

To dress men well and fashionably at small cost—that's the mission of

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AND SOLD BY BEST STORES ALMOST EVERYWHERE.

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Wholesale Tailors,

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LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

Great Double Track Scenic Highway between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York, for illustrated descriptive matter.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

PUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARD.



Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

... A Suitable Christmas Present ...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4 3/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable Xmas present.

Address: PUCK, New York.



THE TWO WALL-FLOWERS.

"'T is plain that the women have neither eyes nor ears for us."
 "'Ay! 'T would seem there is naught for us to do but go 'way back and sit down."